And then to make a period to the Ieſt,
Tell *Falſtaffe* all, I thinke this will do beſt.
Pa. Tis excellent, and my daughter *Anne*,
Shall like a litle Fayrie be diſguiſed.
Miſ. Pa. And in that Maske Ile make the Doctor
ſteale my daughter *An*, & ere my husband knowes
it, to carrie her to Church, and marrie her. (boyes:
Miſ. For. But who will buy the ſilkes to tyre the
Pa. That will *I* do, and in a robe of white
Ile cloath my daughter, and aduertiſe *Slender*
To know her by that ſigne, and ſteale her thence,
And vnknowne to my wife, ſhall marrie her.
Hu. So kad vdge me the deuiſes is excellent.
I will alſo be there, and be like a *Iackanapes*,
And pinch him moſt cruelly for his lecheries.
Miſ. Pa. Why then we are reuenged ſufficiently.
Firſt he was carried and throwne in the Thames,
Next beaten well, *I* am ſure youle witnes that.
Mi. For. Ile lay my life this makes him nothing fat.
Pa. Well lets about this ſtratagem, I long
To ſee deceit deceiued, and wrong haue wrong.
For, Well ſend to *Falſtaffe*, and if he come thither,
Twill make vs ſmile and laugh one moneth togi-
ther. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Hoſt and Simple. (ſkin?

Hoſt. What would thou haue boore, what thick-
Speake, breath, diſcus, ſhort, quick, briefe, ſnap.
Sim. Sir, I am ſent frō my M. to ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.
Hoſt. Sir *Iohn*, theres his Caſtle, his ſtanding bed,
his trundle bed, his chamber is painted about with
the ſtory of the prodigall, freſh and new, go knock,
heele ſpeak like an Antripophiginian to thee:
Knocke

Knock *I* ſay.
Sim. Sir I ſhould ſpeak with an old woman that
went vp into his chamber.
Hoſt. An old woman, the knight may be robbed,
Ile call bully knight, bully ſir *Iohn*. Speake from thy
Lungs military: it is thine hoſt, thy Epheſian calls.
Fal. Now mine Hoſt.
Hoſt: Here is a Bohemian tarter bully, tarries the
comming downe of the fat woman: Let her deſcēd
bully, let her deſcend, my chambers are honorable,
pah priuaſie, fie.
Fal. Indeed mine hoſt there was a fat woman with
But ſhe is gone. (me,

Enter Sir Iohn.

Sim. Pray ſir was it not the wiſe woman of *Brain-*
ford?
Fal. Marry was it Muſſelſhell, what would you?
Sim. Marry ſir my maiſter *Slender* ſent me to her,
To know whether one *Nim* that hath his chaine,
Couſoned him of it, or no.
Fal. I talked with the woman about it.
Sim. And I pray ſir what ſes ſhe?
Fal. Marry ſhe ſes the very ſame man that
Beguiled maiſter *Slender* of his chaine,
Couſoned him of it.
Sim. May I be bolde to tell my maiſter ſo ſir?
Fal. *I* tike, who more bolde.
Sim. *I* thanke you ſir, I ſhall make my maiſter a
glad man at theſe tydings, God be with you ſir.
Hoſt. Thou art clarkly ſir *Iohn*, thou art clarkly,
Was there a wiſe woman with thee?
Fal. Marry was there mine hoſt, one that taught
Me